

## Pray Hard

BigXthaPlug

A little bit of magic, a little bit of smoke up in these lungs  
Runnin' from the Devil with my guitar  
Angel on my shoulder got me this far  
Had to make it happen  
Go and touch the sky or die too young  
But, I don't take the credit for the good part  
Blame it on my mama 'cause she prayed hard

Ayy, I really made it  
I'm still thankin' the Lord 'cause we was really out here hatin'  
  
All we knew was up the score  
We was tryna figure it out, but, shit, the Devil kept us bored  
Make sure we go apply for jobs to go hit licks and rob these stores  
Still a teen, but I was growin', I learned my lessons  
Mom and pop shop, they best, but, I was livin' young and reckless  
Coulda made it out in sports but in them streets was too invested  
Took that self in me to get it and that changed my life forever  
It's like I felt I needed

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Said it's presidential chains, but, it's startin' to feel the same  
The only difference is the money and this unwanted-ass fame  
But, my family lookin' good, got most my people out the hood  
And, plus my kids is more than good, so, shit, I really can't complain  
We can go back in them stores and buy the stuff we couldn't afford  
'Cause now I'm headlinin' these tours, it's like this music shit was for me  
I get paid to tell my story plus my fans truly adore me  
I like this lane, I think it's for me, I just know my mama prayed for me

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